

## The Dirige.

**B**lessed is he that con-  
sidereth the poze, the  
Lorde shall deliuer hym in  
the tyme of trouble.

**A** thou shalt preserve hym  
and kepe him aliue, he shall  
make him to prosper vpon  
erth, & shall not deliuer him  
to the wyl of his enemies.

**T**he Lord shall refresh hym  
when he lyeth sytke vpon  
his bedde, yea, thou makest  
his bed in all his sicknes.

**I** sayed Lorde remember  
full vnto my soule, for I  
haue sinned agaynst the  
myghtie enemies speake full

**The. Dirige.**

Upon me: whē shal he die, &  
when shal his name perishe.

Thoughe he came into se,  
yet mēed he falsched in his  
heart: trappng myschife vp  
vnto hym selfe.

Al thei that hate me, rūne  
in together agaynst me, &  
imagined euill agaynst me.

Whet haue geue a wycked  
sentence vpo me, whē he ly-  
eth, he shal rise vp no moze.

Yea, enē myne owne camp-  
lier frendes whō I trusted  
which did set my lyf a battell  
vnto his bele agaynst me.

But be thou mercifull vnto  
me

## The Dirige.

me (O Lord) raise thou me  
 vp, and I shal reward the.

By this I knowe thou fa-  
 uorest me, that mine enemy  
 shal not triumph ouer me.

Thou hast holden me, be-  
 cause of myne innocencie,  
 and set me before thy face  
 for ever.

O blessed be the Lord God  
 of Israel from henceforth  
 & evermore, so be it, so be it

Archbishop. Heale my soule  
 Lord, for I haue synned a-  
 gaynst the.

My so

The Dirige.

Quemadmodum desit.

**L**ike as the hart desy  
reth þ waterbrokes,  
so longeth my soule after  
thee O God.

My soule is thursty for  
God, even for þlissing fou  
tayne, whē shal I come and  
behold the face of God.

My teares are my meate  
day and nyght whyle it is  
daily calld vnto me, where  
is nowre thy God.

Now when I thinke ther  
upon I poure out my hart  
my selfe, for I  
wonder

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**The Dirige**  
**Immortalitee.**

But when this corrupti-  
ble shal put on incorruptiō  
and this mortall shal put  
on immortalitee, then shal  
that worde bee fulfilled  
whiche is wrytten. Deathe  
is swallowed vp in victory  
Answer. We shal all be  
brought before the iudges-  
ment seat of Chryst wher  
every one of vs shal geue  
accountes for him self vnto  
God. Versicic. And he  
shal rewarde every man ac-  
cordinge to his dedes.

Revelation. Wher: every  
man



The Dirige.  
man shall geue accompte.

The. viii. lesson.  
i. Thes. iiii.

**I** Wolde not brethren  
that ye shulde be igno-  
raunt concernynge them  
that are fallen a slepe, that  
ye sorowe not as other do  
whiche haue no hope, for  
ye beleeue þæt Iesus dyed  
and rose againe. Euen so  
they also whiche slepe by  
Iesus shal God bringe w-  
him, for this we saye vn-  
to you in the wordes of

4  
The Tricke.

Lozde, that wz which lyue  
and are remayninge in the  
cōminge of the Lozde, shal  
not come yet they whiche  
flepe, for the Lozde shal  
come downe from heauen  
with a shoute and voice of  
the Archangell and with  
the trompe of GOD, and  
the deade in Chryste shal  
arise fyrste, then shal we  
whiche lyue and remayne,  
be caught vp with theim  
also in the cōminge to mete  
the Lozde in the ayre, and  
so shal we ever be with the  
Lozde. Wherfore cōferte  
your

## The Dirige.

your selues one another  
with these wordes.. Res-  
ponds. 1. Cor. 15. Nowe is  
Christ risen from the dead  
and is become the fyrst fru-  
it of the that slepe, for by  
one man cometh death, &  
by one man the resurrecti-  
on of the dead, for as they  
all die in Adā, so shall they  
all be made a lyue in Christ  
but every one in his order  
Article. The firste is  
Christ, then they that be-  
longe vnto Christ when he  
cometh. Repetition. Eue-  
ry one in his order.



## The Dirige.

Versicle. **Howe** **Lord** **God** **Almighty**  
 O Lord God Almighty, we most humbly beseeche  
 thee to have mercy on vs & p  
 thou which art come to re-  
 deeme wretches fro synne &  
 thyndome, wilt thou cast a-  
 way the who p hast so de-  
 ly redeemed. **Responce.** O  
 Lord deliver me fro ever-  
 lasting death at p dreadfull  
 day when heave & earth shal  
 be altered, whyles p shalte  
 come to iudge the worlde.  
 The antheim. **My** **bylled**.

## The li. Psalm.

My **bylled** **bones** **Lord**  
 My **bylled** **bones** **Lord**  
 My **bylled** **bones** **Lord**

The Dirige.  
Shalbe refreshed. Anthime.  
Hearc my prayer.

The. lxxviii. Psalm.  
Te decet hymnus.

**T**hou (O God) arte  
prayed in Dio, & to  
the is þow we persourmed  
Thou hearest the prayer,  
therfore commeth al fleche  
vnto the.

Our misdedes preuayle a  
gainst vs, oh be thou mer-  
ciful vnto our sinnes.

Blessed is the man who þ  
chosest & receivest vnto þ,  
that he maye dwell in thy  
court: he shalbe satisfied w  
the

**The Dirige.**

his webbe.

While I was yet takinge  
my rest he hewed me of, &  
made an ende of me in one  
daye.

Although, I wolde have  
lyued vnto y<sup>e</sup> morowe, but  
he brus'd my bones lyke a  
Ayon, and made an ende of  
me in one day.

Then chattered I lyke a  
swallowe, and like a crane  
and mourned as a dove.

I lift vp myne eyes into y<sup>e</sup>  
hight O Lord (saye I) vi-  
olence is done vnto me, be  
thou suretie for me.

Whae

### The Dirige.

What shal I speke or say  
that he may do this that I  
may lyue out all my yeres,  
yea, in the bitternes of my  
lyfe.

Merely (Lorde) mon must  
lyue in bitternes, and al my  
lyfe must I passe ouer the,  
for thou rappest, me and  
wakenest me, but I will be  
well content with this byt  
ternes.

Nevertheless my conuer-  
sacion hath so pleased the  
that I wouldest not make  
an ende of my life, so that  
thou hast cast my synnes be-  
hynde

The Dirige.

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hinde thy backe.

For hell playseth not the  
death doth not magnifie  
They that go downe into  
the graue prayse not thy  
truth, but the lyuing: yea,  
the lyuing acknowledge  
lyke as I dooe this day,  
father telleth his chyldren  
of thy faythfulnes.

Deliver vs (O Lord) and  
we wyl sing praises in thy  
house all the daies of our  
life. Antienne. From the gates  
of hell, Lord deliver them.  
Antienne. Let every spirite  
geue prayse vnto the Lord  
ps.



## The Dirige.

Ps. Laudate dñm de reliis.

Mer. Fro the gates of hel.

Answer. Lord deliuer their  
soules. In thyme. I am the

resurreccion & life, he þ be-  
leueth in me, yea although  
he were deade, yet shall he  
liue, and whosoever liueth  
and beleueth in me, shall  
not se. euerlastyng dea<sup>th</sup>.

Psalmie. Benedictus dñs.

Hoys haue mercy on vs.

Christ haue mercy on vs.

Hoys haue mercy on vs.

Our father. And leade vs

not. But deliuer vs.

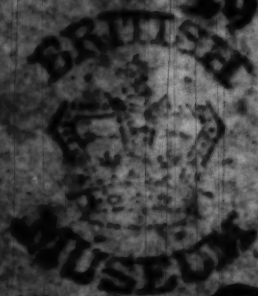
The .viii. Psalmie.

Exaltabo

8  
**The Dirige.**  
comynge of thy sonne our  
Lorde Chryst, we with all  
other fapthful people may  
be graciously brought vn-  
to ioyes euerlastinge, whiche  
thou shalt come to iudge  
both the quicke and  
deade. By Chryst  
our Lorde.  
Amen.

**FINIS.**

**I**mprynted  
in London by Ry-  
charde Brattondwel-  
lynge within the cir-  
cuite of the late, Gray  
fryers. prynter to  
the Wyntes  
grace.



Cum priuilegio ad  
imprimendū solum

